

(89)

Thurs. 22 March 1945
140A Command
APO 322, Fuzio.

My Dear, Sweet, "Pure as the driven snow" Darling;
As you may or may not already have
gathered from the above quotation, I received mail
from you yesterday. In fact I got a total of five
wonderful letters which I consider doing
very well. The last one was written the day
you were leaving for Lynn, or was it the day
before, so the next letter I get should be from
Lynn.

I went down to our beach for the first time
today. I don't care too much for it, it is too
rocky. The beach I was at before coming up
here was much better. While down there I did
some sketching and got a picture of a home
made boat some of the fellows made from
empty gas tanks. I'll send the sketch to you
in this or one of the next letters.

Speaking of sketches Darling, which
one was it that you liked so well? Was it
the one of the truck and tent with the

jungle back ground? I'll try to do more of that caliber of work if that's the one you meant. I will also go to work on those envelopes your father wants done. That series of the misadventures of an island. It will take me a while to do them though because I want to do a very good job on them. If I can get the paper I will make my own envelopes and make them large enough to allow me to do a fairly large picture on them.

I had to consider quite a while before I made up my mind to read that letter you wrote in pencil but once I did I found several amusing incidents recorded in it. Particularly the tale of woe you told me of concerning your efforts to obtain a girdle. Now understand Darling that I am not trying to say that I am any brighter than the average person but even I knew that there were no more girdles. I'm very much surprised that you don't keep up with the times. Looks as if you'll just have to get yourself an infants belly band.

It sounds as though you and Susie had quite a time trudging all over Detroit looking for a wedding gown for her. I hope it isn't long before you are making that same pilgrimage. The sooner that day comes the more wonderful it will be.

You're getting to be quite the little bridge wyeard aren't you Honey? Carrying off the prize at Susie's shower. All that perfume. Tell me is it better than that Sigriss you used to wear which had such a hypnotic effect on me?

I had no idea that envelopes with fancy designs on them were such a collector's item and worth so much. I'll have to work out some more intricate ones from now on and try to think of some other series such as the one your father suggested since I imagine they would be worth more than single ones. I will not however send empty envelopes. If I send the envelopes you can be sure they shall contain letters for you. I don't think that I

have ever met Mr. Stark. Have I? I hope he is right about being able to pick up some money with the envelopes. That would be a nice way to build that nest egg for us.

There's one part of one of your letters which I showed to Rowalchuk and Duffly to shut them up. It was the bit in which you stated that all except the picture of Tommy on the piano, in the picture you sent me of yourself, was sheet music. They have given me quite a razzing about that fellow whose portrait was on the front of the song sheet. It did look an awful lot like a regular portrait there.

Parts of the beach here were just crawling with crabs. They are a very small crab and like in the empty shells of other sea animals. It seems very funny to see a sea shell scurrying across the sand on spider-like legs. As soon as they are picked up they withdraw way into their shell leaving only one claw and a very small part of their underside exposed. They **crawl** up into cracks and crevices in trees and there are masses of them in all such

places. One native boy had made a torch by tying together some faggots of wood and was amusing himself by burning these crabs out of their lairs. Those which did not escape soon enough were cooked a lobster red. This native kid was having the time of his life.

While perusing ^{through} the magazines in our day room I ran across one called "Recognition" which had some beautiful shots of planes and warships. They will be ideal models for these sketches in the series of envelopes I'll make. I just thought of doing a series of planes or army vehicles. Doing a whole series of them after I finish this one. See if your father thinks that would be a good idea or if he has any other suggestions.

I was informed that there would be quite a few more signs for me to paint after I finish the ones I am doing. I am glad to hear that because I was nearing the end of my work and was starting to dread the thought of going back to work in the office. Not that the work up there is hard, it's just that I'd much rather be my own boss.

Kaich gave up on "The Apostle" and gave it to me to read. It looks very formidable

but I have read others of Sholem Asch's works
and like them very much.

Your letters made me very homesick Dar-
ling. Homesick and sick for the want of you
with me. When we're apart the most vital part
of my life is gone. I think you know just
what I mean Honey. It will be so nice to have
you in my arms once more and hug you fierce-
ly and kiss you very tenderly. You mean so
very much to me my Darling. More than any-
thing in the world, in fact Sweet Heart, you
are my world, all of it that I am interested
in at least. Goodbye now my beautiful.
Be a good girl and hurry to meet me
early.

You're so very sweet Darling.

Freddie